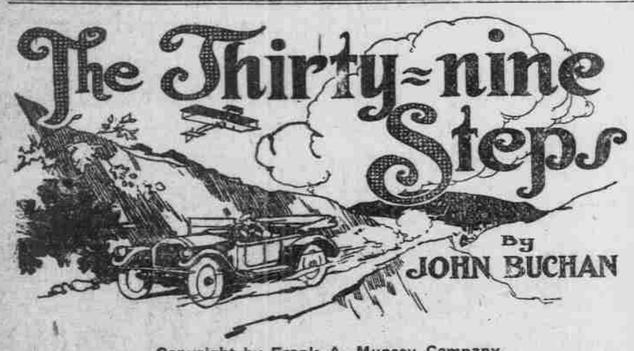
15 Words 15c — Farmer Classified Ads — Phone 1208



(Continued.)

I supped off half those biscuits and by worming myself deep into the heather got some kind of warmth.

My spirits had risen, and I was beginning to enjoy this crazy game of hide and seek. So far I had been miraculously lucky. The milkman, the literary innkeeper, Sir Harry, the road man and the idiotic Lancie were all pieces of undeserved good fortune.

Somehow the first success gave me a feeling that I was going to pull the thing through.

My chief trouble was that I was desperately hungry. I lay and tortured myself—for the ginger biscuits merely emphasized the aching void—with the memory of all the good food I had thought so little of in London. There were Paddock's crisp sausages and fragrant shavings of bacon and shapely poached eggs—how often I had turned up my nose at them!

There were the cutlets they did at the club, and a particular ham that stood on the cold table, for which my soul lusted. My thoughts hovered over all varieties of mortal edibles, and finally settled on a porterhouse steak and a quart of bitter with a Welsh rabbit to follow. In longing hopelessly for these dainties I fell asleep.

I woke very cold and stiff about an hour after dawn.

It took me a little while to remember where I was, for I had been very weary and had slept heavily. I saw first the pale blue sky through a net

There Were Men Below, Not More Than a Quarter of a Mile Off.

of heather, then a big shoulder of hill, and then my own boots placed neatly in a blackberry bush.

I raised myself on my arms and looked down into the valley, and that one look set me lacing up my boots in mad haste. For there were men below, not more than a quarter of a mile off, spaced out on the hillside like a fan, and beating the heather. Lancie had not been slow in looking for his revenge.

I crawled out of my shelf into the cover of a bowlder and from it gained a shallow trench which slanted up the mountain face. This led me presently into the narrow gully of a burn, by way of which I scrambled to the top of the ridge. From there I looked back and saw that I was still undiscovered. My pursuers were patiently quartering the hillside and moving upward.

Keeping behind the sky line, I ran for maybe half a mile till I judged I was above the uppermost end of the glen. Then I showed myself and was instantly noted by one of the flankers, who passed the word to the others.

I heard cries coming up from below and saw that the line of search had changed its direction.

I pretended to retreat over the skyline, but instead went back the way I had come, and in twenty minutes was behind the ridge overlooking my sleeping place. From that viewpoint I had the satisfaction of seeing the pursuit streaming up the hill at the top of the glen on a hopelessly false scent.

I had before me a choice of routes, and I chose a ridge which made an angle with the one I was on and so would soon put a deep glen between me and my enemies. The exercise had warmed my blood, and I was beginning to enjoy myself amazingly. As I went I breakfasted on the dusty remnants of the ginger biscuits.

I knew very little about the country, and I hadn't a notion what I was going to do. I trusted to the strength of my legs, but I knew well enough that those behind me would be familiar with the lie of the land and that my ignorance would be a heavy handicap.

I saw in front of me a sea of hills, rising very high toward the south, but northward breaking down into broad ridges which separated wide and shallow dales. The ridge I had chosen seemed to sink after a mile or two to a moor which lay like a pocket in the uplands.

That seemed as good a direction to take as any other.

My stratagem had given me a fair start—call it twenty minutes—and I had the width of a glen behind me before I saw the first heads of the pursuers. The police had evidently called in local talent to their aid, and the men I could see had the appearance of herds or gamekeepers.

They halloed at the sight of me, and I waved my hand. Two dived into the glen and began to climb my ridge, while the others kept their own side of the hill. I felt as if I were taking part in a schoolboy game of hare and hounds.

But very soon it began to seem less of a game. Those fellows behind were hefty men on their native heath. Looking back I saw that only three were following direct, and I guessed that the others had fetched a circuit to cut me off.

My lack of local knowledge might very well be my undoing, and I resolved to get out of this tangle of glens to the pocket of moor I had seen from the tops. I must so increase my distance as to get clear away from them, and I believed I could do this if I could find the right ground for it. If there had been cover I would have tried a bit of stalking, but on these bare slopes you could see a fly a mile off.

My hope must be in the length of my legs and the soundness of my wind, but I needed easier ground for that, for I was not bred a mountaineer. How I longed for a good Africander pony!

I put on a great spurt and got off my ridge and down into the moor before any figures appeared on the sky line behind me. I crossed a burn and came out on a highroad which made a pass between two glens.

All in front of me was a big field of heather sloping up to a crest which was crowned with an odd feather of trees.

In the dike by the roadside was a gate, from which a grass grown track led over the first wave of the moor. I jumped the dike and followed it, and after a few hundred yards—as soon as it was out of sight of the highway—the grass stopped and it became a very respectable road, which was evidently kept with some care.

Clearly it ran to a house, and I began to think of doing the same. Hitherto my luck had held, and it might be that my best chance would be found in this remote dwelling. Anyhow, there were trees there—and that meant cover.

I did not follow the road, but the burnside which flanked it on the right, where the bracken grew deep and the high banks made a tolerable screen. It was well I did so, for no sooner had I gained the hollow than, looking back, I saw the pursuit topping the ridge from which I had descended.

After that I did not look back. I had no time. I ran up the burnside, crawling over the open places and for a large part wading in the shallow stream. I found a deserted cottage with a row of fantom peat stacks and an overgrown garden.

Then I was among young hay and very soon had come to the edge of a plantation of windblown firs. From there I saw the chimneys of the house smoke a few hundred yards to my left.

I forsook the burnside, crossed another dike and almost before I knew was on a rough lawn. A glance back told me that I was well out of sight of the pursuit, which had not yet passed the first lift of the moor.

The lawn was a very rough place, cut with a scythe instead of a mower, and planted with beds of scrubby rhododendrons. A brace of black game, which are not usually garden birds, rose at my approach. The house before me was the ordinary moorland kind, with a more pretentious white-washed wing added. Attached to this wing was a glass veranda, and through the glass I saw the face of an elderly gentleman meekly watching me.

I stalked over the border of coarse hill gravel and entered the open veranda door.

Within was a pleasant room, glass on one side and on the other a mass of books. More books showed in an inner room. On the floor, instead of tables, stood cases such as you see in a museum, filled with coins and queer stone implements. There was a kneehole desk in the middle, and seated at it, with some papers and open volumes before him, was the benevolent old gentleman. His face was round and shiny, like Mr. Pickwick's, big glasses stuck on the end of his nose, and the top of his head was as bright and bare as a glass bottle.

He never moved when I entered, but raised his placid eyebrows and waited on me to speak.

It was not an easy job, with about five minutes to spare, to tell a stranger who I was and what I wanted and to win his aid. I did not attempt it. There was something about the eye of the man before me—something so keen and knowledgeable—that I could not find a word. I simply stared at him and stuttered.

"You seem in a hurry, my friend," he said slowly.

I nodded toward the glass. It gave a prospect across the moor through a gap in the plantation and revealed certain figures half a mile off straggling through the heather.

"Ah, I see," he said and took up a pair of fieldglasses, through which he patiently scrutinized the figures.

"A fugitive from justice, eh? Well, we'll go into the matter at our leisure. Meantime I object to my privacy being broken in upon by the clumsy rural policemen. Go into my study and you will see two doors facing you. Take the one on the left and close it behind you. You will be perfectly safe. Don't leave until I send for you."

And this extraordinary man took up his pen again.

I did as I was bid and found myself in a little dark chamber which smelled of chemicals and was lit only by a tiny window high up in the wall. The door had swung behind me with a click like the door of a safe. Once again I had found an unexpected sanctuary, although I could not tell for how long.

All the same, I was not comfortable. There was something about the old gentleman which puzzled and rather terrified me. He had been too easy and ready, almost as if he had expected me. And his eyes had been horribly intelligent.

No sound came to me in that dark place.

For all I knew the police might be searching the house, and if they did they would want to know what was behind this door. I tried to possess my soul in patience and to forget how hungry I was. Then I took a more cheerful view. But I was fearful that I was about to undergo some unusual experience.

The old gentleman could scarcely refuse me a meal, and I fell to reconstructing my breakfast. Bacon and eggs would content me, but I wanted the better part of a flitch of bacon and half a hundred eggs. And then, while my mouth was watering in anticipation, there was a click, and the door stood open. It was an invitation to leave the room.

I emerged into the sunlight to find the master of the house sitting in a deep armchair in the room he called his study and regarding me with curious eyes.

"Have they gone?" I asked.

"They have gone. I convinced them that you had crossed the hill. I do not choose that the police should come between me and one whom I am delighted to honor. This is a lucky morning for you, Richard Hannay. You see that your disguise is not complete."

As he spoke his eyelids seemed to tremble and to fall a little over his keen gray eyes. In a flash the phrase of Scudder's came back to me when he had described the man he most dreaded in the world. He had said that he "could hood his eyes like a hawk."

Then I saw that I had walked straight into the enemy's headquarters. My first impulse was to throttle the old ruffian and make for the open air. He seemed to anticipate my intention, for he smiled gently and nodded to the door behind me. I turned and saw two menservants who had me covered with pistols.

He knew my name, but he had never seen me before. And as the reflection darted across my mind I saw a slender chance. I determined to brazen it out to the end.

"I don't know what you mean," I said roughly. "And who are you calling Richard Hannay? My name's Ainslie."

"So?" he said, still smiling. "But, of course, you have others. We won't quarrel about a name."

I was pulling myself together now, and I reflected that my garb, lacking coat and waistcoat and collar, would, at any rate, not betray me. I put on my surliest face and shrugged my shoulders.

"I suppose you're going to give me up, after all, and I call it a dirty trick. I wish I had never seen that cursed motorcar! Here's the money, and be —— to you!" And I flung 4 sovereigns on the table.

He opened his eyes a little. "Oh, no, I shall not give you up! My friends and I will have a little private settlement with you; that is all. You know a little too much, Mr. Hannay. You are a clever actor, but not quite clever enough."

He spoke with assurance, but I could see the dawning of some doubt in his mind.

"For God's sake stop jawing!" I cried. "Everything's against me. I haven't had a bit of luck since I came on shore at Leith. What's the harm in a poor devil with an empty stomach picking up some money he finds in a bust up motorcar? That's all I done, and for that I've been chivvied for two days by those blasted bobbies over those blasted hills. I tell you, I'm fair sick of it. You can do what you like old boy! Ned Ainslie's got no fight left in him."

I could see that the doubt was gaining.

"Will you oblige me with the story of your recent doings?" he asked.

"I can't, guv'nor," I said in a real beggar's whine. "I've not had a bite to eat for two days. Give me a mouthful of food, and then you'll hear God's truth!"

I must have showed my hunger in my face, for he signaled to one of the men in the doorway. A bit of cold pie was brought and a glass of beer, and I wolfed them down like a pig, or, rather, like Ned Ainslie, for I was keeping up my character.

In the middle of my meal he spoke suddenly to me in German, but I turned on him a face as blank as a stone wall. I was steeled to carry the deception to a finish.

Then I told him my story—how I had come off an Archangel ship at Leith a week ago and was making my way overland to my brother at Wigton. I had run short of cash—I hinted vaguely at a spree—and I was pretty well on my uppers when I had come on a hole in a hedge and, looking through, had seen a big motorcar lying in the burn.

(To Be Continued.)

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word

TODAY'S WANTS

ANNUAL SUPPER and entertainment given by St. Anthony's Parish at their hall, Colorado avenue, Thursday evening, June 22nd. Supper served from 5 to 8 p. m. R 29 d*

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 *tf

WANTED—A farm of about 50 to 80 acres on a state road within 7 miles from Bridgeport with or without live stock, must have a fair house and good barns; state full particulars to P. Berman, 122 St. Marks Place, New York City. D 1 d*

Foot Specialist

DR. MANSFIELD, the foot specialist, 1107 Main street over Dillon's, who was injured in the Milford wreck will resume practice first week of June. D 18 d$*

SIDEWALKS

TAR AND CEMENT SIDEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7139. 1305 North Ave. R 18 u*$

Safes

SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter N. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 27 *tf

Upholsterers

WE WILL COVER and furnish, all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for $12 to $15. Scally Bros., 405 State street. F 6 *tf

WANTED
SECRETARIAL POSITION BY YOUNG WOMAN
EXPERIENCED AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE
INQUIRE,
S. J. W.
CARE FARMER

MONUMENTS MAUSOLEUMS
M. G. KEANE
Stratford Av., Opp. St. Michael's Cem.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS
ARTISTIC—LASTING
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools
HUGHES & CHAPMAN
300 STRATFORD AVENUE
Phone Connection

GEORGE P. POTTER
Undertaker & Embalmer
Formerly with H. E. Bishop
Office, 1183 Broad St.
Phone 6848-2
Residence, 275 Black Rock Ave.

HAWLEY & WILMOT,
Undertakers and Embalmers
No. 168 State St., Bridgeport, Ct.
All calls, day or night, answered from office. George B. Hawley, 113 Washington Terrace; Edward H. Wilmot, 865 Clinton Ave.

M. J. GANNON
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
1051 Broad St., near John
'Phone 3493
Residence, 297 Vine St.
'Phone 1259

Wm. Lieberum & Son
Embalmers and Undertakers
Office and Residence
531 MAIN STREET
Telephone Connection

ROURKE & BOUCHER
Undertakers and Embalmers
1295 MAIN STREET. Tel. 1661
Calls Answered Day or Night

JOHN F. GALLAGHER
MARGARET L. GALLAGHER
Undertakers and Embalmers
Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals. Mortuary parlors, office and residence.
571 FAIRFIELD AV. Phone 1390

FRANK POLKE & SON
EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS
181-197 Stratford Ave.
Phone 1590-2
Branch Office, 409 Hancock Ave.
Phone 389

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

GIRLS WANTED
FOR BULB AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENTS
The H. O. CANFIELD CO.
HOUSATONIC AVE.
R31 d*

MEN WANTED
Steady Work—Good Pay.
Come Ready to Work.
McGee's Coal Yard
269 E. Washington Avenue.
R 31 * tf.

SCHOOL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 836 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b$*

Female Help Wanted

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 131 Vine St. Phone 2066. R 11 *tf

SALESLADY, refined young lady for novelty store. Must be able to operate typewriter and have knowledge of stenography. Hours 8 to 5. Permanent position. State salary desired. Box S. T. G. D 2 s*

YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. R 29 d*

Lost and Found

LOST—Gold watch, silver fob. Reward returned 31 Cannon St. D 3 s*p

LOST—People's Savings Bank Book No. 35873. Claims must be presented within thirty days, or said book will be cancelled. R 29 s*p 1 1 1

LOST—Bank Book No. 52011 of City Savings Bank. Any person having claims upon said book is called upon to present the same to bank within thirty days, or the said book will be declared cancelled and extinguished, and a new one issued in lieu thereof. R 29 s*p 1 1 1

To Rent

TO RENT—Corner store with rooms. Good business place, reasonable to right party. Inquire Charles Cole, Inc., 251 State St. D 3 d*

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Hudson Roadster. Inquire Commercial Garage. R 31 d*

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality, and good reason for selling. Call 1338-13. R 18 a*$p

FOR SALE—Flat bottom boat, will make good houseboat, 10 foot wide, 35 ft long. Fritz Ehlert, 116 Trowel street. D 2 s*p

VIOLIN FOR SALE—Excellent tone; perfect condition; good bow and leather case; will sell cheap. Write M. S., 28, Farmer. D 3 p*

VIOLIN—Rare old instrument; in finest preservation; wonderful tone; sacrafice at bargain. Address Chance 75, Farmer. D 3 p*

FOR SALE—Country home, 11 miles from Bridgeport; six room house, barn and hennery, near Stepney Village. This property must be sold. Milon B. Hawley, Stepney. D 3 d*

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKS 14 cents each; Buff Leghorns, 11 cents. Beachcroft. Five minutes walk north from Church Corner, Fairfield. D 1 s*p

FOR SALE—New cottage, terms reasonable. Call evenings or Sundays. 474 Fairview Ave. R 5 *tf

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments Address House, Care Farmer. U 27 *tf

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain, see P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

FOR SALE——5 passenger car, good condition, ready to run, suitable for a jitney. Cheap for cash. Address W. W. F., Care Farmer. B 17 t*o

BIG BARGAIN FOR QUICK BUYER.—$3,500 cash buys a business block, with all improvements in a desirable location. Has an income of $1,560 per year. Will sell for $11,500; $8,000 to remain on mortgage. If interested, call, write or 'phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main street. Tel. 2743—3. R26 a$*p

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d$*

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zalmon Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 s$*

Awnings and Sail Maker

SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 175 East Main street. Tel. 5948. A 16 d$*

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c Telephone 5552. 1152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 *tf

Doctor

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfadt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 6788; consultation free. B 17 *

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 425 State St. downstairs. R 9 *tf

Furniture

SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. F 10 a$*

Insurance

DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Boothe & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 *tf

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor. Conn. National Bank building. B 27 *tf

A YOUNG MAN of good habits would like a position around some business house. Address W. J. Smith, 116 Wall Street. U 5 d*

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4293-3.

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, daters, rubber type, etc. The Schwerdtle Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 15 d*

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1391. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 *tf

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of envelopes for $6.50. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 19 *tf

Unclassified

NOW IS THE TIME to get your leaders, gutters and roofs repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. C. Brown, 1443 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. R 4 d*p

WILL THE PARTY who took the bag of money at 10:40 Thursday morning at Dubin's market on Seaview avenue return same immediately and avoid trouble. R 4 s*p

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 s* 6 6 6

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, $1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a*$p

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS $2 and $5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 466 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b$*

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain, Owen Farm stock, $2.50 per 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, $1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 208, Stratford. U 22 b*$p

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2349-4. G 8 *tf

Physical Treatment

LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 309-310, City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. R 1 *tf

Positions Wanted

WANTED—Position by refined elderly lady, as housekeeper or companion. Address 59 Ridgewood Place. J25 d*

WANTED—Position as plumber or steamfitter; 10 years experience; willing to do any kind of work. Apply Louis Ribach, Care of General Delivery, East Side Station. D 3 d*

WANTED—Position by two men on farm. Experienced and capable. Apply 151 Fairfield, John Lacey. R 25 d*

WANTED—Position on farm with house rent by married man. Address T. J. Rabideau, General Delivery, City. R 8 s*

WANTED POSITION as violinist, will also take a few violin pupils. Daniel Callett, 483 Arctic St., Bridgeport. S 28 d*

WANTED—By man and wife, place as coachman and housework. Call 181 Orland street. R3 d*

WORK WANTED—Any kind of work by man not afraid of work. 1518 Seaview Ave., 2nd floor. U 17 d*

MUSICIAN—First class experienced violinist wants position. Joseph Sileux, Care McConnell, 234 Charles Street, Bridgeport. U 10 s*

YOUNG MAN would like to learn any part of machinist's trade. State salary to start. Address H. Strider, 30 Elm St., City. S 6 d*

POSITION WANTED—Woman about 40 wants position to do general housework, no pastry. N. B., Care of General Delivery, Post Office. U 13 d*

WANTED—Situation as waitress in private family or taking care of aged or convalescent. Tel. 319-3, Milford. U 11 d*

WANTED—Position by English girl as chambermaid, waitress or nurse girl to one child. Reliable. Address A. Hugh, Care of Mrs. Howes, 1868 East Main Street. S 7 d*

HANDY MAN with tools desires a situation, has been a travelling man for years. I. Hawkshurst, 36 Thompson St., Fort Trumbull Beach, Milford, Conn. B 28 d*

WANTED—By man of experience position as a hotel manager, night clerk, bartender and all around lunch man or caretaker billiard or bowling alleys. Strictly temperate. M. J. Margelco, 309 Fairfield Ave. U 7 s *

MARRIED MAN experienced in general farming, desires position of some responsibility doing farm work or market gardening. Address Farmwork, Care of Farmer. R 1 s*p

MIDDLE AGED WIDOW wants position as housekeeper for elderly couple, a widower or elderly lady; capable, reliable and economical. Wages moderate; references. Mrs. A. Norton, General Delivery, City. B 26 d*

DRIVER—Young married man wishes position as driver on motor trucks and commercial cars. Well acquainted with city. Reference if required. Call Frank Drew, 644 Warren St. B 17 d*

CREDIT MAN 13 years experience wants situation as collector or with Auto Co. Address J. G. Platt, 55 Frank St. B 16 d*

POSITION as blacksmith's helper, experienced in a foreign country on horse shoeing, wagons and all other blacksmith work. Address P. O., Box 98, Fairfield, Ct. B 5 d*

MAN WANTS POSITION.—15 years' experience as painter, paperhanger and wood finisher and kalsominer; also good color mixer. S. Gluck, care Peck, 726 Pembroke street. A31 s*

YOUNG MAN, 23, wishes a position at anything, handy around machinery or garage. Alfred J. Conroy, 265 State St., City. A 29 d*

WANTED—Chauffeur wishes position as mechanic and driver, can furnish reference. Call or write, 947 Kossuth St., City. Clarence Kehlenbeck. A 29 d*

SITUATION WANTED.—Coachman, experienced, single man, good on lawns and roads; sober; age 35; Irish descent. Address, 392 State street. A26 d*

MAN, age 38, would like to work as carpenter's helper; no experience, but wish to learn trade. J. R. Robinson, 1156 East Main St., Bridgeport, Conn. S 7 d*

YOUNG MAN, 23, wishes position at anything, understands buffing and polishing. Call Joseph Dento, 6 Highland Ave. B 21 d*

SALESMAN WANTS position, capable, well acquainted in New England and New York state. Reference. Address S. B. R., 796 Main St., City. B 10 d*

YOUNG MAN, married, 27, wishes a position driving or helping. Inquire Mr. T. McGuire, 842 State St. in rear. T 7 d*

WANTED by man work at caring for furnace or boiler, will take care boiler or furnace for furnished room. Address 615 Water St. A. Olson. T 5 d*

Wants, To Rent, For Sale, &c., 1 cent a word in Farmer Want Column.